

1878

Lines in Fond Remembrance of Mrs. Dennison

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LINES IN FOND REMEMBRANCE OF
MRS. DENNISON,
AGED 19 YEARS,

Her Infant aged 3 Months, her Sister, aged
14 Years, and the Servant aged 16 Years.

*Who fell a victim to that Fire in
Digbeth, Birmingham, on Mon-
day, August 26th, 1878.*

You fathers and mothers, oh, just pay attention
To a sad tale which is dreadful to hear,
About those four lives that was burnt and disfigured,
In Digbeth it happened while thousands was near.
It will appear that a man who's name is Dennison,
In Digbeth he lived with his wife and his child;
Her sister and servant was burnt to a cinder,
All in confusion so frantic and wild.

CHORUS.

So think of those victims who have gone to their Maker
To live with the angels to sing His sweet praise,
And do not forsake him should you be in danger,
But trust in your Saviour to the end of your days.

Near upon eleven on that fatal evening,
Close to the Bull Ring, how awful to tell!
To think that so many in the street did assemble,
And yet they was lost, the poor victims have fell.
"Fire!" shouted many, then up flew the windows;
Then came the shout for help in despair;
The firemen and policemen they soon did assemble,
The fire escape came—then a shout rent the air.

So think of those victims, &c.

How soon the scene changed from gladness to sorrow,
Everyone watching, they scarce drew a breath;
The ladder took fire and down came the husband,
And left the poor wife to an untimely death.

The wife wrings her hands, her sister is screaming
For help up above, there is none down below;
At last she fell forward on to the pavement,
Too late was the answer, with death she must go.
So think of those victims, &c.

Are we asleep now, or are we but dreaming?
For unskilful hands at this enlightened age,
To let them remain in the house that was burning,
The horrors and scenes they would fill up a page.
Could not they have gone to the neighbours
Run up the stairs a hole to have knocked,
Then rescued the burning from certain destruction?
To see the confusion many hearts they have shocked
So think of those victims, &c.

The papers will tell you, with indignant sorrow,
What panic-struck faces there was down below;
Many was willing to render assistance,
None there seemed knowing what course to pursue.
This sad affair is not easily forgotten,
What unkindly neighbours with bedding & clothes,
If they had but ran with carpets or blankets,
They would have our blessing as everyone knows.
So think of those victims, &c.